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In Memoriam

THE SEVENTY-FIFTH GENERAL ASSEMBLY
OF OHIO

IN LOVING TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF

WILLIAM MCKINLEY
OF OHIO

SOLDIER, CONGRESSMAN, GOVERNOR,
AND
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

IN THE HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1902

COLUMBUS
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1902

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*Proceedings in the House and Senate,
75th General Assembly of Ohio,
from the Official Journals of the
two Houses*

F. E. Scobey, Clerk of the Senate

B. L. McElroy, Clerk of the House of Representatives

[Proceedings in the House and Senate, 75th General Assembly of Ohio, from the Official Journals of the two Houses. F. E. Scobey, Clerk of the Senate; B. L. McElroy, Clerk of the House of Representatives.]

SEVENTY-FIFTH GENERAL ASSEMBLY, REGULAR SESSION,
SENATE CHAMBER, COLUMBUS, OHIO, January 6, 1902.

Mr. Hosea offered the following resolution:

S. R. No. 14. — Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to draft suitable resolutions on the death of the late President of the United States, William McKinley, of Ohio, and to report a suitable time and programme for a memorial of the eminent public services and tragic death of the Martyred President.

The resolution was unanimously adopted. The President of the Senate appointed Messrs. Hosea, Overturf, Hanna, Herrick and Royer as members of the said committee. On Tuesday, January 7, under the provisions of Senate Resolution No. 18, the membership was increased by two, and Messrs. Harris and Roudebush were named by the President as the additional members.

On Tuesday, January 14th, Mr. Hosea, as chairman of the committee, submitted the following report:

The Select Committee of Seven, appointed under provision of Senate Joint Resolution No. 14, recommends the adoption of the Memorial Resolution here presented and the adoption of the Joint Resolution to be presented hereafter.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, In the tragic death of William McKinley, late President of the United States, Ohio mourns one of the noblest of her many noble sons; and it is fitting that this, the first Legislative Assembly since the

sad event, should take appropriate action, and officially record, on behalf of the people of Ohio, their appreciation of his high character, his eminent public service to the state and nation, and their deep sense of loss by reason of his untimely death; therefore, be it

Resolved, That, in the death of William McKinley, the bereavement felt and expressed with remarkable spontaneity by the entire Nation, has fallen with peculiar and crushing force upon the people of Ohio among whom he was born and reared, and whom he served with unfaltering courage and fidelity as Soldier, Statesman, Governor and Representative in the councils of the nation.

Resolved, That we recognize in the life and public services of our late brother in the family relation of state-citizenship, a career of singular power and uplifting influence, an example full of encouragement to constant and higher endeavor, an inspiration to patriotism, an object lesson of "high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy." His broad grasp of great public questions, based upon knowledge digested into wisdom, tempered by experience, and permeated by unfailing regard for the best interests of all the people, has strengthened the ties of brotherhood between ourselves, elevated the American name and deepened respect for the American character throughout all lands, and proved to the world that the heroic age of American statesmanship did not die with Washington, nor with Lincoln, but still survives.

Under his wise administration, which saw the vestiges of Spanish tyranny trampled out in the Western hemisphere; Cuba and the Philippines lifted from the darkness of bondage into the glorious light of liberty; Hawaii and Porto Rico brought under the protecting folds of our flag; and the long desired water highway across the American continent an all-but-accomplished fact;—this Nation passed from youth to manhood, from provincialism to cosmopolitanism; and has taken its rightful and destined place,—first among nations in all that makes a nation truly great.

While recording our appreciation of these things, we do not overlook the obligation which we, in common with the nation, owe to the

wise judgment and splendid services of William McKinley in our domestic affairs, whereby the nation has risen from gloom and despondency to a condition of unexampled commercial prosperity, in which labor is fully employed at a just recompense; manufactures, agriculture and trade are flourishing, and a wise and beneficent financial system established, so that to-day, for the first time in our national history, we are the creditor nation of the world, with increasing trade-balances in our favor, and enlarged and enlarging opportunities opening before us beyond the dreams of the fathers of the Republic.

To the great heart and broad statesmanship of William McKinley, more than to any other President, is also due the practical obliteration of all sectional bitterness engendered by the Civil War, and the present era of patriotic feeling in which the flag of our common country is beloved by those who once sought its overthrow scarcely less than by those maintained it aloft amid the smoke of battle for the Union; and the same broad statesmanship and the influence of his high qualities of mind and heart have bound the whole Anglo-Saxon race together in closer ties of mutual goodwill and appreciation than ever before in the history of our race.

Nor can we withhold our testimony to the pure and upright personal character of the lamented dead, based upon those fundamental qualities of truth, fidelity to the highest ideals, and unswerving trust in Divine power and goodness, that illumined his life in the sight of all men and gave his last broken utterances power to touch the world's heart and draw nations and individuals closer together in bonds of human sympathy above creed or partisanship.

Resolved, That, while lamenting the dead, we record in no uncertain terms our deep abhorrence of that foul and dastardly spirit that, under the guise of friendly greeting, strikes at society and social order through its chosen leaders, and perpetrates unspeakable crime under pretense of righting social wrong. In the contemplation of such depths of human depravity decency stands appalled! Such pestilential weeds must not find root in American soil. None must be allowed to forget, in the

exuberance of our freedom, the vital distinction between liberty controlled by law, and license without law.

Resolved, That a suitable copy of these resolutions, signed by the presiding officer and attested by the clerk, be sent to Mrs. McKinley in testimony of the deep sympathy of the people of Ohio with her in her great sorrow.

LEWIS M. HOSEA,
Chairman.

J. C. ROYER,
N. F. OVERTURE,
H. PERRY. HANNA,
W. F. ROUDEBUSH,
J. F. HERRICK,
W. S. HARRIS,

Senate Joint Resolution No. 8
from the Journal of the Senate

Mr. Hosea offered the following joint resolution:

SENATE JOINT RESOLUTION NO. 8.

Resolved, That a memorial meeting be held in the House of Representatives, in commemoration of the life, public services and tragic death, of the late President of the United States, William McKinley of Ohio, January 29th, 1902, at 2:30 o'clock p. m., under the direction of a joint committee of seven on the part of the Senate, and on the part of the House; and that the Senators from Ohio in the Congress of the United States, the Governor and principal officers of Ohio, be invited to attend and take part in said memorial proceedings; and that said proceedings be suitably reported and subsequently printed as a memorial for distribution.

The resolution was unanimously adopted by the Senate. On January 15, 1902, the House unanimously adopted the above resolution, filling the blank with the number "ten."

The Speaker appointed to represent the House on such committee, Messrs. Herrick, Foster, Ankenny, Painter, Lochary, Garrison, Guthrie, Stage, Gear and Arthur.

The President of the Senate appointed to represent the Senate on such committee Messrs. Hosea, Hanna, Royer, Herrick, Overturf, Harris and Roudebush.

THE MEMORIAL PROCEEDINGS.

JANUARY 29, 1902.

At 10:30 o'clock a. m. of this day the Senate met in its chamber and proceeded in a body to the hall of the House of Representatives, the House being in session, and was received in due form at the bar of the House.

The joint convention being called to order, the following program of exercises was carried out:

PROGRAM OF EXERCISES

INVOCATION —.....	REV. J. C. ARBUCKLE
Presiding Elder Methodist Episcopal Church, Columbus District.	
PROCESSIONAL HYMN — "Praise the Lord".....	<i>Southwick</i>
Rendered by the Choir of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Columbus.	
INTRODUCTORY REMARKS —.....	MAJOR LEWIS M. HOSEA
Chairman Joint Memorial Committee.	
ADDRESS — On behalf of the State.....	GOVERNOR GEORGE K. NASH
HYMN — "Nearer My God, To Thee".....	<i>Choir</i>
ADDRESS — On behalf of the Congress.....	GEN. CHAS. H. GROSVENOR, M. C.
ADDRESS — "The Christian Soldier".....	REV. C. W. BLODGETT
ANTHEM — Like as a Father Pitieth his Children".....	<i>Hatton</i>
Choir.	
ADDRESS — "McKinley the Patriot and Martyr".....	HON. W. R. WARNOCK, M. C.
ADDRESS — "Sons of Ohio".....	HON. C. W. BAKER
HYMN — "Lead Kindly Light".....	<i>Choir</i>
ADDRESS — On behalf of the Democrats of the Senate.....	HON. J. C. ROYER
ADDRESS — On behalf of the Republicans of the House....	HON. GEO. T. THOMAS
ANTHEM — "Jesus, Lover of my Soul".....	<i>Choir</i>
ADDRESS — On behalf of the Democrats of the House.....	HON. CHAS. W. STAGE
ADDRESS — On behalf of the Republicans of the Senate..	HON. WARREN G. HARDING
ANTHEM — "Spirit Immortal"	<i>Verdi</i>
Choir.	
BENEDICTION —	REV. JOHN HEWITT
Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Columbus.	

PROGRAM OF MUSIC

The music of the Memorial Service, under the general direction of Mr. Elliot Howard Gilkey and Mr. Willis G. Bowland, Committee on Music, was rendered by ladies and gentlemen of Columbus, who most kindly volunteered their services; to all of whom the Joint Memorial Committee desire to express their acknowledgment.

DIRECTOR.....MR. WILLIS G. BOWLAND.

SOPRANOS.

MRS. MALCOLM JENNINGS,

MISS NORMA JONES,

MRS. EDITH S. McDONALD.

ALTOS.

MISS MATILDA PFAFF,

MISS MINNIE ALTHAUS,

MRS. M. C. DICKEY,

MISS ANNA FORNOFF.

TENORS.

MR. CHAS. E. LYNAS,

MR. HENRY A. PRESTON,

MR. JACKSON A. GREGG.

BASSES.

MR. DENNISON D. BYERS,

MR. WILLARD B. MORRIS,

MR. HARRY G. RABON,

MR. HENRY W. FRILLMAN.

ORGANISTS.

MR. WILLIAM H. BEEB,

MISS ETHEL M. HARNESS.

Invocation by

Rev. J. C. Arbuckle, D. D.

Presiding Elder of the

Methodist Episcopal Churches of

Columbus District, Ohio

[Invocation by Rev. J. C. Arbuckle, D. D., Presiding Elder of the Methodist Episcopal Churches of Columbus District, Ohio]

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, we come into Thy presence in reverent and worshipful spirit to invoke Thy blessing upon us. We rejoice in the thought that we have Thee for our Father, and that we are the objects of Thy tender care and love. We pray Thee to be graciously near us and make us in this presence to know how good it is, and how profitable to wait upon Thee. May we come before Thee with open hearts and open minds receptive of every best ministry and impression of this occasion. Grant, O God, that in this coming before Thee, we may bring ourselves to Thee with our deepest and most urgent needs of heart and life.

We render devout thanksgiving to Thee for Thy great mercies and benefits to us. We are the beneficiaries of Thy great grace, of Thy ceaseless and unmeasured bounty. We bless Thee that the lines have fallen to us in such pleasant places, and that ours is a goodly heritage. We bless Thee for this glorious land of liberty, this land of free and Christian institutions. We bless Thee that our religion is the Christian religion; that we are not Mohammedans, Buddhists, Confucionists or the blind followers of any superstitions or idolatries. We bless Thee that we have the sacred Scriptures of the Christian Bible with their lofty ideals of conduct, character and life, ever breathing to us the word and will of a God and heavenly Father of infinite holiness and love. We bless Thee that Thou art ours and all Thine is ours, and grant, O God, that we, in heart and life, may be worthy of Thee, and that we also may be Thine.

We thank Thee, O God, for the noble men who laid the foundations of our government and of our free institutions. We bless Thee that

they were Christian men, men who believed in the holy Christian Scriptures, believed in the Christ, the man of Galilee and Son of God, believed in prayer and in Almighty God. O, we bless Thee for those noble spirits of the former time who suffered and died that they might bring to the coming generations of their fellows a larger, freer, and better life. Men who suffered the loss of all, that they might plant on these shores the imperishable institutions of liberty, equality, enlightenment and Christianity.

We would utter our great gratitude to Thee, O God, for the many noble and illustrious characters, the product of our free and Christian institutions, who have come forth to bless us and to bless the world. We would specially turn to Thee at this hour, with thanksgiving in our hearts for the life and labors of him whose memory we commemorate this day. We thank Thee for his noble and valient service to his country in time of war. We thank Thee for his fine and patriotic leadership in the higher councils of the nation and of the world. We thank Thee for his beautiful home life. We thank Thee that through all the stress and strain of an arduous life he took with him ever, the white flower of a stainless character and an unflinching faith in God and in His Son, our Lord Jesus Christ.

Out of this occasion may there come to each one of us and to the whole of this great commonwealth that he loved so dearly and which he called his own, blessings that will make us more worthy of our Christian heritage, and that shall make us truer, better citizens of the republic.

Let the mantle of his noble life and pure character fall upon the young manhood of our country and especially upon all who would seek for a place in public life. We bless Thee that so noble a life has walked among us and that we have seen him: may the charm and beauty of that life abide upon us and be among us, the promise and pledge of a purer and better citizenship. Let Thy blessing, O God, be upon the stricken wife and companion of his life. May there be to her, and to all who bear the burden of great sorrows and great trials, the sweet comfort and joy of a hope that breaks with the radiance of an immortal day.

Let Thy choicest and richest blessing, O God, be upon our whole country and all of the people. May we be a people whose God is the Lord; a people who from the least to the greatest seek after righteousness. May Thy blessings be upon these, the Representatives of our great commonwealth. May they all look to Thee for guidance in the discharge of the high functions of their office. Command Thy blessing upon all who shall have part in the exercises of this occasion, and out of it all, may there come benefits that shall be high and abiding. We beseech Thee, O Lord, make our lives strong and beautiful in the completeness and holiness of the Christ.—Amen.

Introductory Remarks
by Major Lewis M. Hosea,
Chairman of the Joint Committee.
(Commander of the Ohio Commandery,
Military Order of the Loyal Legion
of the United States.)

[Introductory Remarks by Major Lewis M. Hosea, Chairman of the Joint Committee; Commander of the Ohio Commandery, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.]

Members of the General Assembly and Invited Guests:

It is fitting that we should assemble here at this time, officially representing the people of this great Commonwealth, to pay the last tribute to our noble dead.

Ohio has had many noble sons. There is no brighter page in the history of the American Republic than that which glows with their splendid achievements for humanity.

As we here lovingly recount the eminent virtues and great deeds of our late brother in the family circle of state citizenship, — who from birth to death remained identified with us in that relation, — we may say, without disparagement to any: —

“Time’s noblest offspring is the last.”

The civilized world has set the seal of approval upon William McKinley as one of the best fruits of our republican institutions. By his shining virtues is the wisdom of the fathers exemplified, and the system of self-government which they founded, justified, as the hope of the oppressed throughout the world.

It will be for others to speak particularly of his virtues and achievements. Permit me, as the official head, in Ohio, of that body of survivors representing the directing force of the War for the Union, in which he maintained to the hour of his death the closest relations of military companionship, to refer briefly to that formative experience that tried his spirit as in a furnace seven times heated.

A schoolboy, scarce eighteen, the gathering storm of disunion that burst upon our national edifice and rent its goodly fabric from turret to foundation stone, plunged him, and thousands like him, into the dreadful

stream of war to buffet its red waves as best they could, — to suffer the last supreme test of death, if need be, that our glorious heritage of free institutions might not perish from the earth.

Perhaps, in their youth and inexperience, they did not then recognize the high source and nature of that inspirational patriotic effort that swept through men's souls like the breath of The Almighty, and transformed these boys, fresh from the mother's tender love and the father's protecting care, into mighty men of battle.

They were very boyish, very human. The discomforts of exposure to the biting cold of picket-posts in wintry storms; — to the stifling dust and heat of weary marches under tropic suns; — to the pain of blistered feet and aching limbs; — to the pangs of thirst and hunger; — to the heart-sickness for home and loved ones; — all these were far more real to them.

But when the shock of battle came, and amid the angry whiz of bullets, and the soul-piercing shriek of shell, — those "strange war-flowers" that burst into fierce and deadly bloom in the turmoil of bloody strife, — one after another of loved comrades was stricken down by their side, and they saw that awful look of death that tells of agony unspeakable, then, and out of that baptism of fire and blood, came the realization that they were consecrated to the work and charged with the high responsibilities of patriotic men in a gigantic struggle for the Nation's life.

What wonder then, that out of these soul-searching experiences and the stern discipline of war, should grow that ideal citizenship, that, when war was done, carried those soldier-citizens back to the pursuits of peace without a jar, without a ripple of discontent on the surface of our national life, to reappear as the conservative force that for nearly half a century has directed and developed this nation and brought it to the foremost place in all the earth, restored in its integrity, re-united in its affection, — its flag beloved by those who sought its overthrow, scarcely less than by those who offered their lives in its defense.

In this intermingling of men of every class and section, striving together in the noblest of causes, and sharing together hardship and danger

and suffering, was the best possible school of American citizenship. To deal thus with great things and feel the stir of great emotions, deepened the character and broadened the outlook of men and enabled them to take back to the tasks of peace the silent heroism that won victories in war.

That every President, save one,—elected by the American people since that great struggle,—was a soldier in it, is not due to any jingo spirit of admiration for military glory, but to an appreciation of the fact that the best soldiers of the Republic were its best citizens.

It is a comforting thought that a great war can never be carried on by this Republic except in a cause that appeals to the patriotic sentiment and intelligence of its people with force enough to draw the farmer from his plow, the merchant from his counter, the artisan from his tools, the professional man from his desk,—and all to risk life in defense of high principle.

The sufferings of the people of Cuba might induce filibustering expeditions, but it required the sinking of the *Maine* with its crew of martyred sailors, to arouse this nation to trample out Spanish tyranny in the Western hemisphere. The beacon of justice must be lit up by the fires of avenging wrath before the American Volunteer will take down his musket from the chimney breast and go forth to battle.

The impregnable bulwarks of American liberty are not in the strong defenses of our coast line,—not in our harbor torpedoes, nor ships of steel,—nor yet in the serried ranks of a standing army, but in the brains and hearts and stalwart arms of a free people, jealous of their liberty, "ever mindful what it cost," and ever ready to defend it with their lives.

We here mourn the boy soldier of 1861 who typified all this, the President of 1901, who was its product,—always the beloved son of Ohio,—whose singularly elevated and lovable character and profound statesmanship have assured his undisputed place beside Washington and Lincoln as the choicest of jewels in our national diadem. Well may we say, as we contemplate the virtues of this heroic soul, his achievements for his

country, his tragic death that attested more eloquently than any words the nobility of his life and that so wonderfully impressed mankind: —

“We die not at all: for our deeds remain
To crown with honor, or mar with stain,
Through endless sequence of years to come
Our lives shall speak, when our lips are dumb.”

The muffled shot that took his life, scarce heard by those who stood near, resounded about the world. Like a touch upon the chemist's glass, it instantly crystalized all the elements of social order and good government throughout the nations. It failed of its ultimate purpose, but killed anarchy. It proved the self-restraint of the people, and attested the immutable solidity of our institutions.

And now that our passionate anger has cooled, may we not see in this tragic death a call to higher citizenship? We cannot but believe that He who brought us so triumphantly through waters of bitterness in the past, has yet greater things in store for us, and yet greater responsibilities to place upon us. This calamity is but a lesson and a reminder, *lest we forget*, in the exuberance and carelessness of our boasted freedom, the vital distinction between liberty under law, and that miscalled liberty which is but license without law.

*Address on Behalf of the State
by Governor George K. Nash*

[Address on Behalf of the State by Governor George K. Nash.]

Mr. Chairman, Senators, Representatives, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am profoundly grateful for the privilege of joining with the representatives of the people of Ohio in honoring the memory of the late President. I am glad that these services are held on this, the fifty-ninth anniversary of the birth of William McKinley. I trust his natal day will always be remembered and observed, not only by the people of Ohio, but also by the people of the Nation. I hope for this, because the story of his patriotism and of his love for our flag will be a splendid story to tell the children of this country in all the days to come. It will promote patriotism and will make our country and her people better for its being told.

I have been asked to speak of McKinley as Governor of Ohio. As such we knew him best. His services as a soldier were in distant fields. His later services as a statesman were in Washington. His work as Governor was performed in our midst and in his own State. It is fortunate for us that he was our Governor, for in this capacity we learned to know him as neighbor, friend, citizen, son and husband. It was also fortunate for William McKinley, because during this period the people of Ohio came to know him, and because of this he was ever afterward surrounded by their high regard and good wishes. William McKinley as Governor of Ohio followed a long line of illustrious men. There were splendid Governors before him. There were those who led us through the pioneer days, and those who were chief magistrates during the great growth of our State prior to the Civil War. We had our great war Governors and they were followed by eminent men who were prominent soldiers during the Civil War and thus made known their love for our State

and country. It is no disparagement to others to say that William McKinley was the best loved and most patriotic Governor Ohio ever had.

The people of the nation learned to love him as Ohio did and called him to higher honors. At last came the fatal day when he was stricken down by the hand of an assassin. The people of the United States, yes, the people of the world, mourned, but no people felt it as did the people of Ohio.

I thank you, gentlemen of the General Assembly, for doing honor to McKinley's birth-day. I hope the splendid example you have set will be followed by the people of Ohio for all time to come. I thank you.

*Address on Behalf of the Congress
by Gen. Chas. H. Grosvenor, M. C.*



General Grosvenor, being prevented from attendance by his public duties at Washington, sent the following:

MR. PRESIDENT: When I received the invitation, couched in very complimentary language, from the distinguished gentleman who is the head of your joint committee for this occasion, inviting me to be present and to make a brief ten-minute address, I felt strongly impelled to sacrifice everything of a personal character and to be present, but I can not do so. Public duty, which cannot be set aside, impels me to remain at my post during the coming week to meet certain necessary official duties.

I desire to contribute to the occasion which has called you together and to place in your record a few words in honor of the distinguished dead.

Lapse of time, now nearly five months, has not softened nor turned aside the blow that fell upon us when we knew that McKinley was dead.

The sharp agony of personal grief may have been, in many instances, assuaged amid the rush and turmoil of every-day life, but the sad, overwhelming sorrow still bears down upon us whenever thought carries us back to the awful reality.

Those of us whose duty casts our every-day activity among the scenes and places where McKinley made national and world-wide fame, miss the genial smile, the friendly grasp, the warm-hearted expression with which we were so familiar. Time scarcely modifies the horror.

William McKinley's lifework is done. The record of that life is a precious heritage for his countrymen. The young men of coming generations will read his history, emulate his virtues, and seek to attain to his grand position. I do not write of his lovely personal char-

acter: I cannot tell of his Christian virtues and his Christlike charity of heart without tears, and tears do not appropriately belong to the suggestions of my mind, and in obedience to which I write at this time. The dead President was a statesman, and of this feature of his character I write.

Nearly twenty-five years of close personal acquaintance with him gives me the means to write of him intelligently. Generally agreeing with him, sometimes widely differing with him, always admiring him, from all this I conclude that he had, in a very high degree, the best elements of true statesmanship. To quote a trite but comprehensive definition, he was a man who was "versed in the art of government, and had conspicuous ability and sagacity in the direction and management of public affairs." He had qualities in a most pre-eminent degree which Abraham Lincoln had in a lesser degree.

McKinley first led off upon a great question of public policy as he saw the signs of its coming; studied with unerring accuracy the trend of public opinion, and then led that public opinion to victory.

He was a good party man, and stood in the battle with his party, but he had very much to do with seeing to it that his party was first right and then that it succeeded. He never yielded his convictions of what ought to be done until convinced that he was wrong. I do not think he had an undue degree of pride in his own judgment and opinions; but when, after careful study and full investigation, he reached a conclusion, I never knew him to yield his belief to any one, however great he might be.

He was a man with a conscience, and he never allowed his conscience to sleep. It was his silent but ever-present monitor. His sense of justice was acute, and his sympathy was always with humanity. Yet he stood for principle and never was known to falter. He never did a thing in the heat of combat that he had to regret after the contest was over. He did not believe that a dogma in politics which had grown to be a wise thing under a given set of conditions could never be a wrong thing and require modification under a new and changed

set of conditions. He was not a Bourbon, for he learned and grew in wisdom daily. It has been said he was a man of one idea. This notion once prevailed on men who knew but little of him and reached hasty conclusions. He studied the whole field of national politics, and I am not sure that he was a specialist in any true sense of the word. More and greater questions came up for his decision and for action during his administration than came to any other President.

The new problems were of the rarest difficulty of solution, for there were no precedents. They were new. To the solution of these problems he gave his whole time and brought to the work all his great powers of study and understanding. Our history of more than a hundred years furnished no decided cases, and he was driven to the study of fundamental principles for his guidance. How brightly shine the pages of his statesmanship.

The centuries will roll on and new conditions will arise, but the statesman of the future will look to the record of this man and guide his action by these examples. He early saw and fully appreciated that this country could not grow and prosper with sectional hate and bitterness prevailing among the people. He set himself to the task of bringing the North and the South in close and more fraternal relations. How proudly he succeeded let the men of the North and the men of the South answer. Other men have done much to assuage the animosities of the dread period of war. Others have plead for harmony and peace. But he did the work. He went among the people of the South. He met their men and heard their complaints, and he showed them that in the stake of this government they had as great an interest as had people of the North.

The men of all sections heard and heeded him, and the result is most gratifying. He did more in this direction than all others. He was tolerant of other men's opinions, and yet tenacious of his own. In this way he made friends of his opponents and wielded a greater influence for good than he could by arbitrary or hostile controversy. McKinley cherished the hope and expectation that during his administration this coun-

try should be brought into such relations in matters of trade and commerce as that our trade could be greatly expanded and wider markets could be found for our surplus.

This showed how true statesmanship can re-adjust itself to changing conditions and yet adhere to long and well-established principles. He loved his country, and was proud of her growth and greatness, but he never lost sight of the fact that to be great among the nations we must deal justly with those nations. And while he sought for the greatest good for his own people, he did not overlook the rights of others. The death of such a man is a loss to the whole world. The loss of such a man is a most serious obstacle to the advance of prosperity. But we do not forget that "God reigns and the government still lives." As McKinley twenty years ago stood loyally for the government when Garfield died, so those who have known him and loved him will rally to support the new government and follow the noble example he set in that dreadful hour. And trusting in God and the intelligence of the people, our country shall attain to the ideal of her great dead statesman.

Conversing a few days ago with a very distinguished member of McKinley's cabinet, he said to me, in substance, that the most marvelous development of McKinley's character was in his ready adaptability to all questions relating to foreign affairs that arose during his administration. He had not been connected in any way, while in Congress, with the administration of foreign affairs, but on the contrary, had devoted himself to the study of economic questions, and it had been said of him, sometimes, that he was a man of one idea in politics, but this gentleman said to me that no question ever arose in the cabinet-room relating to the most complicated questions of international law, that McKinley did not rapidly assimilate all its facts, all its surroundings, and was ready, at all times, to give prompt, intelligent and exhaustive opinions upon them.

He had the true characteristics of the diplomat. His contact with foreign representatives always resulted in favorable impressions made

upon the representatives of foreign countries, and when the question was one of real necessity and real complication, if you please, he assimilated the law and the facts and the conditions that surrounded the question and was ready, prompt and energetic always.

His kindly disposition, his lovable spirit, made him a power in diplomacy. His broad catholic love of mankind placed him in the very leading position of a true statesman.

McKinley is dead. As the years go by his fame will grow. He will not be forgotten. His work will go on widening, deepening, rising, and the policy of America, under the benign influence of McKinley's statesmanship, will continue and commend itself to the judgment of mankind, for he placed his country, from the standpoint of statesmanship, upon a higher plane than she had ever stood upon before.

We pause only to drop a tear of loving regret that McKinley should have died so soon. He was the embodiment of my idea of a statesman, and a true politician, a gentleman, and a warm-hearted, genial, unfailing, lovable friend.

Address—“The Christian Soldier”
by Rev. C. W. Blodgett

[Address — "The Christian Soldier," by Rev. C. W. Blodgett.]

Rev. Dr. C. W. Blodgett, Pastor of St. Paul Methodist Episcopal Church of Cincinnati responded to the sentiment "President McKinley as a Christian."

He said:

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen of the General Assembly and Citizens:

When our revered President (Wm. McKinley — in whose memory this service is held) lay dying in the city of Buffalo—all of you who knew him best—all and all others who had not a personal acquaintance with him but had for years been influenced by the symmetry and completeness of his Christian character — would have been disappointed had the closing experiences been other than they were.

Not only a President was dying, but a man whom God had trusted and leaned upon and one whom the Almighty seemed to point to, and say — "See what a man I can build."

Here is one that has not imbibed the faintest touch of corruption — here is one that has been true in every place that he was called to fill. Why should not the one whom this Nation loved, revered, respected and had gladly honored — say in his last moments, "It is God's will." "It is God's way."

His immortality will not be that of a great statesman alone — yet I speak not hastily in saying — that the passing Centuries will couple his name with the conspicuously great leaders of the 19th Century.

As a tried, thoroughly developed, noble Christian man, his life and name will radiate down coming time.

A man is as he believes. As a man thinketh in his heart so is he.

What a man thinks and believes of God — he does of man. Our brother was a friend of man — of all men — because he was a friend of God.

His character was not builded in a day. The consummation was the apex of the monument that a life time had been spent in erecting.

Storm and sunshine — victories and defeats — all entered into the construction. The sheet-anchor of his faith was revealed to him, when, as a lad he sat in the old home and looking into a Godly mother's face, he caught a glimpse of the Invisible.

His public profession of his Faith was the outgrowth of that glimpse. The echo of that profession — made when a student in the Poland Seminary echoed through his entire life. As he stood a young man in the humble Church he said — "I believe that God is the greatest and best Being in the Universe and I am determined to love and serve Him." Ever after, in home and army and public life — in social functions — in associations with men great and small, as Representative in Congress — as Governor of this Great Commonwealth — as the Chief Executive of this mighty Republic — *that declaration* was a part of the man. The echoes of it are here today laden with the fragrance of truth and mixed with the frankincense and myrrh of good deeds.

Who is here at this hour, so shortly removed from the tragedy of last September and from the activities of the political career of President McKinley — a career that, taken in all its bearings stands second to none — will charge this man whom God and the people trusted — with aught but simplicity — steadfastness — Christian manliness.

These illuminated his features, and shone in his eyes.

Faith to him was not simply "assurance of things hoped for—a conviction of things not seen" but a guiding principle. Did he ever enter an open door of opportunity and advancement — without taking his Redeemer with him. What lofty and thrilling outbreathings of confidence and trust in God his State papers give to the world. In his public utterances — (and, sir, they would fill volumes) have you ever detected the least tinge of despair. They *all* ring with the hope of an

anchored Christian. They chime out a glorious future for man, for faith to him — had made his Creator not an abstraction but a reality — not a cold monarch but a father who loves and sighs even for his wayward child.

No man ever rises higher than his ideals. If the ideal is the Supreme and purity — he rises towards it. Why should the common people (and they are many) call him "William the Good." Why, for he was not only the beloved President — but — our Christian brother, and as he breathed in the Spirit (and that constantly) of the man of Galilee, he breathed into whatever he touched and handled and loved — government policy — home — business — loved and cherished ones in the inner circle — friend and political opponent — candor — frankness — purity. Faith made him steadfast. When convinced he never swerved. His gentleness made him great. He never dwelt in a negative mood. His eyes shone with a deep keen insight into affirmations. His life was illuminated by the realities of divine truth. Everything he grasped — principles — truths — revealments of loves — he made his own — and yet gave them to the world — and he himself never grew poorer.

He dwelt not in the realm of doubt. To the last he was looking for a brighter day. He infused this magnetic hope — generated by faith into all whom he touched or touched him — nations as well as individuals.

No sable curtains stretched along his pathway. He expected reverses — cold days, and *he had* them, but, to him it was God's way and plan, therefore, through them he stored up a reserve of character, and how the reserve held out to the last. How the character shines today. With what a brilliancy that mind cannot conceive of — it will flash out in the tomorrow.

This State — this nation — young but strong, has placed upon pedestals — some, whose transcendent genius and unfaltering devotion to God — man and the right commands the admiration of peoples whose governments are hoary with age — and among the number, none stand higher for Christian character and genuine manhood than Wm. McKinley.

His faith made him courageous. Did he ever falter in the hour of an emergency? Always — everywhere he reached out his trusting hands

and taking hold of the Christ of our progressive civilization — he said, God is omnipotent and His strength makes me strong. His faith made his *personality electrifying*. What a Prince in Israel he was. How he trusted and believed in the potential power of the one Universal Church. His lips — his prayers — his gifts — his matured judgment — ever said — this power — is the lever to lift the world into a Christ like humanitarianism of love and peace as high as the Throne and as restful as the songs heard round and about the Throne.

Incidentally a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church — but he loved all who loved or should love God. His faith made him a great actor rather than professor.

When he talked — and always in clean and pointed Americanism — he was understood. He tested truth not by doubt or love, or the critical analysis of the scholar, but by trust.

His Christian life, and that embraces all — tells us — that discipline of body and soul is needful — but he tried not the strength of any man by the measure of that discipline — but by the inner motive of the man. His faith made special Providence real. You can demonstrate this, if you will trace his life from the boyhood home — through school and college — through the ravages of war when crape hung on every door, and the voice of lamentation was heard in the land on — on — through the counsels of the nation — on to the climax when forgiveness for the slayer of his body was in tone of voice and solicitude for the cherished wife of all his manhood in expressed words — on — on to the moment when skill of surgeon looked helplessly but tenderly at his fast weakening body — on — on to his last words — It is time to pray — Our Father who art in Heaven — hallowed be Thy name. It is God's way. Nearer My God to Thee — Nearer to Thee.

Who ever doubted his fidelity? How he loved — how he believed as a Christian man in his Christian wife. This is too sacred to mention but if I could picture that love — it would be an Eden filled with spices.

His faith made him a great commoner. He was the working man's friend.

William McKinley. Wherever the name is mentioned you seem to hear the beat and throb of a great heart. He is now among the immortals. His going was like the triumphant shout of a victor marching to his crowning.

The world is more beautiful for his having been in it. This nation is purer because of his Presidency—home and fire-side sanctified and the Christian religion more strongly intrenched in the thought and life of our people. We admired other Presidents—we loved President Wm. McKinley. The Angels of God must have given a great shout as he joined the throng in the white light about the Throne.

*Address “McKinley the Patriot
and Martyr”*

by Hon. W. R. Warnock, M.C.

[Address — "McKinley the Patriot and Martyr," by Hon. W. R. Warnock, M. C.]

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen of the General Assembly, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The character of a nation may be largely determined by the character of its heroes. Happy is that nation that has for its heroes, patriots, statesmen and martyrs! No nation has a richer heritage in its heroes than has our own, for we have patriots and statesmen and martyrs for our heroes. Do we seek for patriots? Then we turn first of all to that man who was not only a patriot, but a statesman and soldier as well, who though dead for more than one hundred years still lives as the one "First in War, First in Peace and First in the hearts of his Countrymen" —George Washington.

Do we seek for statesmen for our heroes? Then we turn to that bright galaxy of imperishable names—Jefferson and Adams and Franklin and Hamilton and Clay and Webster and Chase and Seward and Garfield and James G. Blaine.

Do we seek for martyrs for our heroes? Then we turn instinctively to that man, who in the very hour of his triumph was stricken down by the hand of an assassin, but who to-day wears a martyr's crown, the immortal Abraham Lincoln. But now, there has been added to the list of the nation's heroes another name. It is that of one who was patriot and soldier and statesman and martyr, but who is now a saint. It is the name of William McKinley. He belonged to us and was one of us, but now he belongs to eternity.

How fitting it is that in this the capital of his own state, under the auspices of our General Assembly, on this the anniversary of his birth, we should assemble to do honor to the memory of Ohio's most dis-

tinguished son, our late president. Of him as a patriot and martyr I would speak at this time.

Above and beyond all things else, William McKinley was a patriot. He could scarcely have been otherwise, for both his paternal and maternal ancestors were soldiers in the Revolutionary War. How natural it was then for him as a boy of 18 to take his musket in his youthful hands and follow the flag to the bloody battlefields of our great Civil War. He loved the flag then, and all through his life his devotion to it never wavered, nor wearied, nor waned.

No wonder that this young soldier, prompted by such patriotic love for the flag, without political influence, won his commission as lieutenant before he was twenty years old. After four years of service he came home bearing with him his commission as Major by brevet, signed by A. Lincoln, for gallantry at Opequan, Cedar Creek and Fisher's Hill. When he entered the service that flag, under Washington, had become the flag of independence. When he left the service that flag, under Lincoln, had become the flag of freedom. He lived to see it, under his own administration, become the flag of humanity.

In time of war, McKinley was undoubtedly a patriot. But McKinley, when his real character is fully known, will be found to have been as devoted a patriot in time of peace as in time of war.

Because so large a part of William McKinley's life was spent in public office, there are many who think of him as an office seeker, but this is far from the truth. He never had to seek an office. The office sought the man. His intimate friends know that McKinley longed for private life and that he continued in public life from a patriotic sense of duty. He was nominated for Congress in 1876 on the first ballot. Twenty years later he was nominated for the Presidency on the first ballot, and for his second term by acclamation. He was nominated for his first and second terms as Governor of Ohio by acclamation, and was elected to Congress seven successive terms.

If you will pardon a personal incident, I think I can throw some light on this phase of McKinley's character. In 1879 McKinley had

just been elected for his second term in Congress. I was just entering upon my duties as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. We were thrown together a great deal that year, and on one occasion rode in a buggy some twenty-two or twenty-three miles. Then began a friendship which continued through life. As young men we naturally talked of our respective fields of labor. "Ah!" said McKinley, "how I envy you your position on the bench. I have always felt that I would rather be a judge than occupy any other public position. I should like to give my life to it, but," he added with a sigh, "it is not for me. My work seems to lie in the other direction, and we must do what is open before us." Little did either of us know the brilliant career that was before him with its tragic ending.

He was a patriot. He never sought to exalt himself at the expense of his country. But I have said McKinley was a martyr, and so he was. Let us see.

For more than twenty years there have been organizations in this country and in Europe, which have openly advocated violence and unreasoning hatred against every one in executive place, were he devil or an angel. Under the influence of these teachings, some of the most dastardly crimes of the age have been committed. At Haymarket Square, in Chicago, in 1886, at a meeting where revolutionary doctrines were proclaimed, a bomb was thrown, resulting in the death of seven policemen and the injury of a large number of others. In 1893, at Barcelona, Spain, an anarchist congress was held, and a bomb was thrown which resulted in killing thirty people and wounding eighty, and in Chicago the same year Mayor Carter H. Harrison was assassinated. In 1894 President Carnot of France was assassinated. In 1897 the Premier of Spain was assassinated by an Italian anarchist. In 1898 the Empress Elizabeth was brutally murdered by another Italian anarchist, and less than two years ago King Humbert was assassinated by another anarchist. In September, 1901, McKinley was assassinated by an anarchist. The time has come when all those who proclaim themselves as enemies of human society and human government should not be permitted to hold meetings

to teach their diabolical doctrines. The time has come when they should not be permitted to disseminate their revolutionary documents and papers. The time has come when any attempt upon the lives of any of our chief executives, state or national, should be punished by death.

William McKinley was the victim of these teachings. When the assassin fired the fatal bullet on the 6th day of last September, which killed our President, he was not actuated by the spirit of revenge or a personal hate. He did not know the President. If he had, he could never have fired the fatal shot. The President had never harmed him. He fired the shot because he had learned to hate all those in authority. McKinley had to die because he was the head of a mighty nation. He was killed because he was President and not because he was McKinley. He was called to suffer a martyr's fate because he dared to accept the high office to which the people called him. How heroically he met his fate! The world has been thrilled with the utterances of John Huss and Archbishops Crammer and Lattimer and others of the holy martyrs as they were led to the stake to be burned. We have wondered at their fortitude, courage and endurance. We have marveled at their expressions of holy triumph, but there is nothing in all history that for pathos and courage and sublime faith equals that scene at the Milburn house in Buffalo last September, when William McKinley, stricken down in the midst of his greatest usefulness, at the very zenith of his fame, with the prospect of long life and the accomplishment of his most cherished aspirations, turned to the stricken group around his bedside and said—"Good-bye all, Good-bye. It is God's way. Not our will, but His be done."

William McKinley is dead, but his character abides. The principles of justice, equity and liberty and humanity and patriotism for which he stood will continue to abide until at last all nations, all peoples in all climes and everywhere will be brought under their sway.

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win.
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

Address—"Sons of Ohio"
by Hon. C. W. Baker,
of Cincinnati

[Address — "Sons of Ohio," by Hon. C. W. Baker, of Cincinnati.]

Mr. Chairman, Senators and Representatives:

If there is any one thing that is distinctly American in our national life, it is that in the presence of an assault upon our free institutions, we are no longer divided as partisans, but united as patriots.

The President of the United States, a constitutional executive, chosen by the peaceful arbitrament of the ballot box, and by virtue of his office the commander of the army and navy, symbolizes the majesty of the Republic, as it crystallizes in him the will and power of the people.

The blow of the assassin aimed at his person as he goes about in our midst charged with the duties of his official life, is a blow at the principles and fabric of our republican form of government, that was the hope and comfort of our forefathers, conceived by them in their love of liberty, nurtured in tears and blood, won through their triumphant sufferings and labors, and transmitted to us as our priceless inheritance. Considering public questions in debate; moved by argument and appeal reaching through press and rostrum every school district and fireside; the world witnessing entranced the spectacle of a free people choosing their chief magistrate, ten million freemen by the will of the majority, lifted William McKinley from the midst of his countrymen to that exalted station.

Monarchists may content themselves and find exaltation of spirit in the coronation of kings, attended by mummeries and masquerades of fargone barbarous days, bowing their heads in servile obedience to the doctrine of a divine birthright in some to rule; we glorify authority to govern, based alone upon the consent of the governed, that no crown can honor, and whose uplifting rests upon the hearts and suffrage of a free people.

In this hall dedicated to representative government, in the midst of senators and members chosen to enact laws for our own great state that gave him birth and eminence, it becomes us, however widely we may have differed from him touching public or party policies, to pay just respect to his memory as a statesman and as a citizen.

His life is the lesson of the opportunity and the inspiration of the republic.

His early footsteps rambled across the green fields of Trumbull. He gathered his education in the village school and academy and finished in the little country college hardly known beyond the Reserve.

He had the priceless possession of a good father and a good mother and he honored them both, in obedience to that only commandment with promise. He grew strong and stalwart physically as the horizon of his mental vision widened.

At the call to arms he enlisted, and, beginning in the humblest capacity, before the conclusion of that awful fraternal strife, reached promotion that was not without distinction.

Returning to his own community, in the neighborhood of the scenes of his childhood, he entered public life through the service of his county, followed by a career whose record is an open book to his fellow citizens. Congressman, Governor, President, he at last sat in the seats of the mighty.

Impressive—nay, commanding, approachable, gentle, voicing the soft speech that turneth away wrath, coming to know men and their motives and to discriminate, as no public man perhaps since the days of Lincoln, it could well be said of him:

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

Succeeding himself in the presidential office, gaining the height which meant the entire fruition of any possible ambition, returning from that White House whose portals open vistas of splendid achievement,

to a summer vacation passed in the modest home so typical of our domestic life and so distinguished in his because of his devotion to his wife; visiting perchance but shortly before he went to his death, in the churchyard upon the hill, the graves of his little children who had long preceded him, he stepped from the privacy of home, again into the full glare of public life and vision as he trod the platform of the Pan-American exposition, to declare to the world and to his fellow citizens in his first and last public utterance after his second inauguration, even as death stalked forth to meet him, that the reciprocal burdens and gains of commercial life should be borne and shared by the nations of the earth not singly and alone, but by all mankind.

We cry aloud with Macbeth:

“Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off.”

Ohio, opulent in natural resources and material wealth, the national highway between the east and the west, peopled with men and women of commanding force and constructive industry, has given to country and to history sons and daughters who, going forth to duty and endeavor, have returned again in honor and in glory, bringing their sheaves with them of imperishable renown.

Mother of presidents, her statesmen have guided and controlled the councils and destinies of the nation as her great commanders have lead to victorious battle the armies of the Union.

Her jurists at the bar and sitting upon the bench of that greatest of earthly tribunals, have lent the luster of their distinguished learning and the force of their integrity to trials and to judgments, as they established justice and thus insured domestic tranquility.

Her artisans, inventors and mechanics have taught the world in a century of progress that the victories of peace, of human intellect

and human effort, are the just rewards of genius crowning industry and skill.

In that Valhalla, temple and shrine, wherein we keep and consecrate the memories of our illustrious dead, Ohio places another son and gives him to immortality.

Let us not forget in it all that this is our country. That it was left to us with no other charge upon it save that we keep forever alive the sacred fire upon the altar of liberty.

By the deeds and works they wrought by the traditions of our historic and beloved dead, let us swear that we will not be despoiled of their victories or defrauded of our heritage. That we will hand down to the generations that shall follow us, as a most precious legacy to be preserved by them, a government whose cornerstone shall be the constitution, and whose chief glory shall be the virtue and patriotism of its people.

*Address on Behalf of the
Democrats of the Senate
by Hon. J. C. Royer*

[Address on Behalf of the Democrats of the Senate by Hon. J. C. Royer.]

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Legislature, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It sometimes happens, in the ceaseless ebb and flow of human affairs, that the efforts of a century culminate in a moment. There are many things which we are either unable to comprehend or which we see but dimly. The occurrence of some great event is often necessary to reveal to us our true situation or make known to us our real condition.

Much had been said about our greatness and the position we occupy among the nations of the earth, but, until the death of our lamented President, we realized but faintly the eminence to which America had attained and her firm anchorage in the affections of the people of the world. When the sad tidings went forth, borne to all quarters of the globe, that the spirit of William McKinley had taken its flight, all nations mourned. Never before, in all history, did the death of mortal man awaken such world-wide sympathy. In every land where civilized man dwells, flags were half-masted and men of all shades of religious and political belief offered up their tribute of love and tears. To us, it was not the first national day of sorrow, but to mankind, it was the first world's day of grief.

It would be extravagant, and perhaps not in good taste, to assert that the universal sadness, aroused by the death of President McKinley, was all prompted by love for the man or reverence for his statesmanship. No one man placed all the stars in Columbia's crown. American goodness and grandeur has not been achieved through the statesmanship of one, but by her many noble sons and, above all, by and through

the inherent worth of her people and by force of conditions and resources which are their natural heritage. We would, however, be wanting in appreciation and dull in our sense of propriety and justice, if we failed to accord to the last of our martyred presidents the highest niche in the affections of the world. Somehow or another, Mr. McKinley had reached the hearts of more people than any other President or Sovereign. He was revered not only by the English-speaking peoples, but by men of all tongues and in all climes. His memory is cherished equally in the palaces of Queens and Emperors, and in the cabins of the poor. Many differed from him on political subjects and as to matters of state policy, but all loved him for his personal purity, his kindliness of heart, his unsullied integrity and his lofty character. There are millions whose minds he could not convince, but there are none whose hearts he did not win.

People are often what their chief magistrate makes them. Men largely imitate and follow the example of those above them. The life of one in authority makes for good or evil according as that life is characterized by moral excellence or immorality and wickedness. Extravagance, intemperance or any other form of vice in those chosen to govern, if seen too often, "are soon endured and then embraced," while economy and moral rectitude direct a people to simple, honest and noble lives. In the life of President McKinley the world, its rulers and peoples, have an example for goodness unsurpassed in profane history. In him were exemplified all the qualities of good citizenship. He was dignified, as became his station, and yet he was always, and everywhere a gentleman. His honesty was of that character which not only held men to the payment of obligations and the redemption of pledges, but which enforced a strict observance of the golden rule. His patriotism was of the highest order. It was of that type which obeys and sustains law and authority. Even while sinking to earth from the effects of the fatal wound, in the sight of and while strong men vied with each other to crush out the life of his assassin, he counseled moderation and that the law might take its course.

In his dying words and with his latest breath he taught his people that real patriotism which means not only love of country, but love for all its institutions and submission to all its laws.

My friends, this is the example of William McKinley, the citizen, statesman and President, and this is the tribute which we, who are of a different political faith, offer to his memory. Not only his country, but the world is better for his having lived in it.

*Address on Behalf of the
Republicans of the House
by Hon. Geo. T. Thomas*

[Address on Behalf of the Republicans of the House by Hon. Geo. T. Thomas.]

When the news flashed over the country in the early days of September last that President William McKinley was assassinated the people could scarcely credit the dreadful intelligence.

He had passed through the storms of many battle-fields, where men fell on every side, and he was spared; he had stood upon the platform, hundreds of times, and addressed thousands of his countrymen, in every part of the land and returned to his home unharmed. He had taken a leading part in many gatherings and conventions of the people, often when discussions of great public questions waxed warm and excitement ran high; a member of Congress many terms; twice the Governor of a great State; thrice a delegate at large, from Ohio, to National Republican Conventions for the nomination of President and Vice President of the United States; and, as Chief Magistrate of this great nation, he had received and greeted all classes of people, rich and poor, citizens and officers; and, after all, when the cares of public office had somewhat abated and he had returned to his old home at Canton there to rest during the months of the summer amidst the quiet surroundings of his home, it was thought he had as few enemies as any man in public life.

Yielding to the urgent request of many friends and his own desires he concluded to visit the Pan American Exposition at Buffalo, and while there, surrounded by his friends, he was stricken with the assassin's bullet and passed from life.

This is the 59th anniversary of McKinley's birth, and we are assembled to commemorate his life and splendid career as a citizen, a soldier, Congressman, Governor, President, Statesman and patriot. The span of his life covered the last half of the 19th century and entered the 20th. He

took part in some of the most stirring and critical events in our National History, and the record of his achievements is a glorious one.

Mr. McKinley came to the presidential office as well and perhaps better equipped, all things considered, than any man who had occupied that exalted station within the history of the nation. His life long study of the principles underlying our government and of the character and needs of the people; his profound knowledge of the public question and the issues of the times; his long experience; his intimate and wide acquaintance with public men; his great natural ability and aptitude for the discharge of its duties; all combined to make him an ideal officer and president.

In the exercise of these abilities, combined with the experience and education which had come to him as a result of diligent study during his long public career, he was able to meet and solve the great questions and issues which Congress, and the people were called upon to decide during the war with Spain; and to solve those questions for the best good, not only of the people of our nation, but of the people who, by the fortunes of war were compelled to change their allegiance from Spain to become a part of the people within the jurisdiction of this government.

Right nobly and well did William McKinley perform these important duties, and to him, for his great services, the people of this nation owe and render the most kindly and loving gratitude. He was, perhaps, the most popular and best beloved of our Presidents.

In his early life embracing, and at all times practicing, the graces of the Christian religion, coupled with a naturally loving and kindly disposition, as the years passed, blessed by the affection of his parents and his good wife, McKinley throughout his life, grew in those admirable and loving qualities which attracted friends to him and held them fast bound in the ties of brotherly love.

The assassination of William McKinley must ever remain one of the great tragedies of history, and, his death, one of the most heroic. In that fateful moment when the bullet of the murderer, then, just sped to his vitals, seeing the maltreatment of his assailant by the captors, he

called out, "Do not hurt him," and in that other supreme moment when informed that he had but a few hours to live, with Christian fortitude he said, "It is God's way, His will be done." Who, thus called from the side of a loving wife, from amidst the dearest friends, at that proud period of his life when he had succeeded to the highest station in the gift of his countrymen, could have thus spoken such words of resignation and obedience to the will of the Divine Creator, but he who possessed the firm belief that God's ways are the best, and that all He does, will redound, in the end, to the best good of mankind?

Thus McKinley lived and thus he passed away. He has entered the hall of martyrs, and, we earnestly believe, his name will be enscrolled high in the temple of fame. His life, loving qualities, and noble manhood, will continue to be the inspiration of the youth of our land in the present, and in the future generations.

May his memory ever remain green to those who love, and have at heart, the best interests of the grand free nation which he strove so hard to lead aright, and to place among the leading nations of the world. Before he passed from life he was an actor in those stirring scenes, and assisted in settling those great public questions which has placed the United States among the foremost of the nations of the world.

In these great achievements McKinley must be accorded an important and leading part; and, in the estimation of his countrymen in the future, must be placed among the list of statesmen who have contributed most to growth, grandeur and glory of the American nation.

*Address on Behalf of the
Democrats of the House
by Hon. Charles W. Stage*

[Address on Behalf of the Democrats of the House by Hon. Chas. W. Stage.]

I account myself no less than fortunate, Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, that the indulgent consideration of my fellow members, and the few moments placed at my disposal, afford me the privilege, the very rare and honorable privilege, of laying upon the altar of this memorial meeting the simple wreath of a sincere tribute, a wreath, if you please, woven of the perennial laurel of the living truth.

It is no part of my purpose, nor can it be any part of your desire, that my few plain and simple words should sound in praise of the enlightened statesmanship, or in eulogy of the high political ideals of the well-beloved man whom we have met this hour, in memory, to honor and revere.

But it is foremost in my mind, because it is deepest in my heart, to speak of the utter nobility of his character; of the purity, the sweetness, the entire and perfect loyalty of his private and domestic life; that shining glory of his undishonored days, so perfectly exemplified in his sustained and enduring devotion to the love of his boyhood, the bride of his youth, the sweet companion of his strong manhood, the object of the fond care and tender solicitude of his lengthening years.

The annals of history, the pages of song and story reveal no more beautiful or more ennobling record of the love of mortal man. It is approached nowhere, so far as I am aware, in circumstance and kind and degree, save, perhaps, by the love of Robert for Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

And in the brief consideration of this most beautiful phase of the life of William McKinley, we are carried back by the sweep of the imag-

ination against the current of the gliding years to the princely days of chivalry, 'When Knighthood was in Flower;' back to the days of the great Arthurian legend,

"When every morning brought a noble chance,
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such days have been not since the light that led,
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh."

Back to the days of King Arthur, pictured with a "soul as white as utter truth;" back to the days of the Table Round, sung by Tennyson in the *Idyls of the King*, in lines of music, truth and beauty, far beyond the power of unadorned and undisciplined speech to add or detract.

Thus bridging in imagination the flood of the rolling years, might we not believe that the poet's words are spoken of the dead, our dead, for

"Indeed, he seems to me
Scarce other than my king's ideal knight,
Who revered his conscience as his king;
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;
Who honored his own word as if his God's;
Who spake no slander—no, nor listened to it;
Who loved one only, and who claved to her
And worshipped her by years of noble deeds."

"We have lost him; he is gone.
We know him now; all narrow jealousies
Are silent, and we see him as he moved.
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;

* * * * *

Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure, but through all this tract of years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

And the white flower of that blameless life he wore in perfect consecration to the moment of his death. And in the still watches of that dreary night, when the last sands were slipping, slipping from the glass; when the golden cord that links the immortal soul to its terrestrial abode was frayed to breaking; when the last farewell had been whispered to his heart's beloved, and he had given "them charge about her, to guard and foster her forevermore," may we not conceive, although we could not see with mortal eyes, that "his face then was an angel's" as, with those sacred words of sweet humility upon his lips, his spirit winged its flight through realms of space into the shadowy depths of the Great Beyond.

"And where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Whither? Where? We do not know; we cannot know. But may we not cherish some such beautiful belief that somewhere, far off, even to the utter limits of some restful sea, with the white-souled king of the Arthurian legend, he has gone, a long way, it may be,

"To the island valley of Avillon,
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly, but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,
Where He will heal him of his grievous wound."

But what of her, what of that lonely and broken life to which his days were one long testament of devotion. May we not be privileged, in the great pity and affection of our hearts, to say to that saddened woman, softly, gently, lovingly;

"Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure;
Break not, though thou art mortal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made
One light together, but has passed and leaves thy place
a lonely sorrow.

And may we not be permitted, out of the heartbeats of this hour, to send up the poet's prayer for that frail and pathetic figure :

“May all love,
His love unseen but felt o'er-shadow thee;
The love of all thy friends encompass thee;
The love of this great nation cherish thee;
The love of all its people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again.

*Address on Behalf of the
Republicans of the Senate
by Hon. Warren G. Harding*

[Address on Behalf of the Republicans of the Senate by Hon. Warren G. Harding.]

Mr. Chairman:

A Roman Senator once said of that greatest of all great Romans, "There can be no fitting tribute to Caesar; rather Caesar is Rome's tribute to the progress of the world." In a like vein, there is no fitting tribute to noble William McKinley, other than the enduring love of the American people; for he was Ohio's offering of her most precious jewel to enrich a priceless tribute to new world progress.

Nobility of manhood lives in the loving warmth of devoted human hearts; statesmanship is ineffaceably written in the pages of enduring history, lighting human pathways as unerringly as the fixed stars. There are a score of gateways to the foothills that must first be climbed to ascend to the mountain heights of real statesmanship. William McKinley began the ascent, favored neither by fortune nor circumstance, but it was not long until he won his way to congress and there grew to national acquaintance as the most consummate of politicians. He grew because he was honest. If he left no other heritage to a loving, worshiping republic, his fame would still endure as the highest type of the honest politician. He grew because he was sincere and imparted his sincerity. He grew because he had faith in the everlasting rocks of the republic and builded his temple of state-craft accordingly. He grew because he was courteous, considerate and manly in all things. He grew because he was self-poised and had those attributes of sober-mindedness, deep thoughtfulness and honorable purpose which enlisted an abiding confidence. There has been no other figure in American politics of such strong, uninterrupted growth. His was no meteoric outburst on the political horizon. Nothing sensational or spectacular introduced him to

national fame and endearment. He won his way himself and alone, steadily and with ever increasing certainty, to the very hearts of his fellow countrymen, by the sheer force of merit and his manly stand for his own high conception of Americanism.

He bore aloft the banner of American industry. He believed in it more earnestly than Clay, and preached it with more fervor than Blaine. No one could stand before his splendid presence, look into his intensely earnest eyes and hear his eloquent voice in argument without the deep conviction that he proclaimed the doctrine of a worthy national cause. He was the highest exponent of protection and its accredited leader. It made him the man for the hour in 1896, when he bore forward and aloft the banner of hope and the light of promise in a period of paralyzing discouragement, disaster and despair. His stalwart Americanism and his honest promise of relief rifted the darkening clouds; his unerring devotion to principle and his matchless sincerity of purpose won a national confidence. Until then he was the master politician, but he became President with all the habiliments of statesmanship. Responsibility and opportunity developed the reserve power of a trained and honest mind, they inspired a stalwart manhood which stands unrivalled in all the portrayal of world-history, and William McKinley stood out grandly as a diplomat, as a constructionist and expansionist, the first among statesmen, as the inspired apostle of new world liberty and the emancipator of the oppressed far across the seas. He unsheathed the sword for the first time in all history in behalf of humanity, and unfurled the flag to put new stars of glory there. He piloted the dear old ship of state out of the narrow harbor where the excusable anxiety of our forefathers had anchored it and pointed its prow heavenward on the great unmeasured sea of destiny. But he ran not to rashness and unconcern. A simple man of the people, believing in them and confiding in them, putting his ear to the ground to make sure that the hearts of his fellow-countrymen were in accord with his own high conception of the God-given mission of the republic, he walked unfalteringly on, in the light of conscience and faith in the omnipotent God, and led safely to a

broadened civilization and left us a citizenship never equalled before. Yet his lofty mind was not fixed on new glories in distant lands at the cost of neglect of the imperishable sisterhood of states. He had a true soldier's knowledge of the gaping wounds of civil strife, and the statesman's skill to heal them. With a kindly courtesy and generous consideration which enobled his character, with the tact of a diplomat and the sympathy of a fellow-countryman, he annointed with the soothing love of an understanding fellowship the aching wound left by the immortal Lincoln in his heroic rescue of the union, and planted a new standard of patriotism there. He pierced the pride of a defiant South, understood her people and made them understand him, then welded anew the henceforth and forever indissoluble ties of the union.

If, in the crowning wreaths of immortality, there is separate bloom for every noble achievement, then the angel of the South will place on William McKinley's brow the richest garland that has blossomed there.

Great in life, he was heroic in the face of the eternal, and looking calmly out on the great sea of the unknown, face to face with a fate so bitter that it wrung the hearts of all civilization, he was the martyr Christian, who yielded the life spark of a great, manly heart to light the beacon fires that point the way to a life eternal.

Who shall say, who can know but that an inscrutable providence shall make his martyrdom rich in fruit to the nation he loved so well?

In death he burned the impress of his character deep into the soul of the republic and gave a warning, aye, a warning that will be heeded, of a deadly viper nursing at the breast of liberty, which would aim its killing blow at the government itself. William McKinley's martyrdom will not have been in vain when cursed, hateful, cowardly, damnable anarchy is crushed under the heel of the republic. More, it will not be in vain, if we emulate him, making real a citizenship free from party aspersion, political devotion without denunciation, and party zeal without belittlement of official character. Honest, earnest emulation of so admirable an example is living proof that we respected him first, we honored him most, we loved him best.

Benediction
by Rev. John Hewitt,
Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal
Church, Columbus, Ohio

[Benediction by Rev. John Hewitt, Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church,
Columbus, Ohio.]

“The almighty Father who is a most strong tower of defense to all those who put their faith and trust in Him; to whom all things in heaven and earth do bow and obey, be now and evermore our defense as a nation, and make us know and feel, as our late martyred president knew and felt, that there is none other Name under heaven given to men whereby we may be kept in safety, but only the name of God,—Father, Son and Holy Ghost, unto whose gracious mercy and protection we now commit ourselves. The Lord bless us and keep us; the Lord make his face to shine upon us and be gracious unto us; the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon us in peace and prosperity, now and evermore.—*Amen.*”

